

# ***Active, Alive and Effective Prayer***

***Ed Decker***



***With an addendum***

***Smashing the Wall***

***Jason Decker***

I could cite a hundred scriptures in these few pages and would not reach the core of the message the Lord has sent to you through me. I want to share my experiences and my understanding of effective, living prayer.

Let me go back to a day when I lay near death in a hospital ICU. I had already lost one lung in the bus accident that put me in a coma for almost a month. I was flat lining and things were very grim. Carol called one of the Elders of our church. He raced to the hospital and laid his hands on me

with my family as they gathered around the bed. He anointed me with oil and prayed that prayer of faith and I lived that day and soon rose from my deathbed into life.

Pastor Don was operating in great faith as an Elder, representing that godly authority under which I was submitted through my church membership. He moved in his faith and that prayer power lifted me from death into life. He is a righteous man and the Word says: The effective, fervent prayer of a righteous man avails much. Carol did what the Word of God said to do.

*<sup>14</sup> Is anyone among you sick? Let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. <sup>15</sup> And the prayer of faith will save the sick, and the Lord will raise him up. And if he has committed sins, he will be forgiven.<sup>1</sup> James 5:14-16 (NKJV)*

Pastor Don understood his authority to act. He walked then and walks now in close fellowship with the true healer!

That is the essential key to answered prayers. Men like Pastor Don have strong personal relationships with God. His emails to God are marked urgent and land at the top of God's inbox.

There are different kinds of prayer, just like there are different kinds, or levels of faith. It runs the scale from no faith, and little faith to growing faith and on to great and unmovable faith. Pastor Don gets answered

prayers because of his Great faith. He stays in daily, direct communication with the God who heals. His faith is unmovable.

There are men and women of God who get consistent answers to prayers because of their close walk with the Lord, their great faith in the Lord and their consistent, godly lives.

When I later became a pastor at the City Church, where Pastor Don was an Elder, I made many hospital calls. I looked forward to them. I seemed to have a gift of healing for people in comas. Maybe being raised from the dead in one gave me that edge. It was not uncommon for someone in a coma to wake up while I was. I had great faith for every patient. Pastor Don's prayer for me had given me a strong faith for healing!

I had been going in to the local hospital and praying for a young man who had been in a coma for over a month. He showed no signs of waking up, but I persevered. One day, my way to his room, I stopped off on a lower floor to pray for another man. He asked me to pray for an elderly man in the next bed who was being loaded onto a gurney, heading for the Operating Room.

I prayed for him and the orderly waited and prayed with us. He was off in a flash and I stayed to visit with the man I came to see.

A few minutes later, I headed for the elevator. As I turned into the general corridor, I notice the elderly man's wife sitting in a small visitor waiting room, alone, head down in her hands and obviously full of stress.

I hesitated for a brief moment, walked in and sat across from her in the tight space.

I reached out and held her hands in mine, assuring her that it was going to be OK. I told the lady that her husband was in good hands and God was watching over him. I stayed with her, talking, praying and getting her to laugh a bit. Eventually, her family arrived and after some greetings and a family prayer, I left.

I was waiting in front of the elevator and smiled as I thought, *I really liked that special time with the elderly lady.* That same ‘inside my head’ voice of the Holy Spirit that I was learning to heed quietly said, “So did I.”

I headed down the hallway to my “guy in the coma” room with a lively step and pushed open the door. There he was, sitting up in bed, with a broad grin, eating his lunch. “Who are you,” he asked?

“Oh, just a pastor from the church your boss attends. He asked that we come and pray for you. I have been here almost every day since.” I answered. “Wow, It must have worked. I feel great,” he said.

I felt like his recovery was a special gift to me for my taking the time to sit with the elderly lady. It was probably just me feeling so good about ministering in His name that day. But I am ready to believe that the Lord ministers at the side of the ones He sends. And He didn’t have to wait for an elevator.

In another hospital, I was asked to go and pray over a daughter who was dying from a drug overdose. Sort of like “last rites” except that wasn’t a concept I readily accepted. They had disconnected the life support and her boyfriend was there, a total wreck as he moaned and wept at her side.

I laid hands on her and anointed her with oil. I prayed for life and not for death. As I prayed, she stirred under my hands and suddenly sat upright, asking us, “Where am I?”

She was wide-awake and all the vitals the monitors were beeping. As the nurses rushed in to care for this suddenly risen-from-a-death-bed young lady, the boyfriend grabbed me and hugged me tight, tears streaming down his face. I knew that we were not done yet. Words poured out of my mouth.

I told him that the Lord wanted him to see this, to know that even though he had walked away from his family and leadership in his church, God had never forsaken him and it was now time for him to repent and give up his life of drugs and sin.

He was on his knees by this time, sobbing. He was the son of an Assembly of God Pastor in our area. The word I gave him could not have been more accurate. Fresh life was flowing in that room.

These things cannot be explained or understood in the natural, only in the spiritual.

Many of you who read this believe that the spiritual gifts ended with the early church and nothing could be farther from the truth. I have searched the scriptures and nowhere can I find a *use-by* or *expires- by* date stamp.

At the end of this article, I am going to tell you the real truth about the wonderful spiritual gifts that are alive and well in the church and in believers to this very day.

But, let's go back to my narrative. I can attest to the fact that God had a lot of work to do with me before I was walking in that full, uncompromising faith for the spiritual gifts He imparted to me.

God had to work these gifts into my heart and make them actual action gifts. He had to build me up from baby Christian faith to strong faith and great faith in Him and especially that spiritual gift of great prayer faith.

Let me share a bit of my journey in receiving, developing and using this gift. Let me tell you about just a few of my experiences along the way to fully believing in answered prayers.

Having come out of Mormonism into the light of the real gospel, I shared the real Jesus everywhere I went. I was often asked to speak to groups. In the very beginning of that ministry, I was asked to share at a large meeting of a ministry called Women's' Aglow.

In the middle of my time of sharing, I kept seeing something like an overlay above the audience and I kept seeing a withered hand rising out of it and

opening up fully healed. It was distracting. It would not go away. Finally I stepped out in faith, stopped and said, *“Ladies, there is someone in this audience who has a withered and shriveled right hand. If you lift it up, God is going to heal it fully.”*

There were gasps and sighs across the audience, but no withered hand. I went home that night and I felt that my own spirit had shriveled up. I told my wife that it was the last time I would try that stuff. I had a horrible weekend. My faith fell into the cellar of my heart. I was ready to call it quits and get off this bandwagon I was rolling around on.

Monday came. Tuesday and Wednesday came and went. On Thursday, I received one of the most important phone calls of my new life in Christ. It was from a Christian lady I knew.

She said, “Brother Ed, you will not believe this. I was at the Ladies’ Bible study this morning at our church and an elderly lady in the group shared this story.”

“She said that she was at the Women’s glow when you spoke on Friday night. You said that there was a lady there with a withered right hand and you said that if she lifted it up, she would be healed. She was that lady. But she was embarrassed and afraid to do that in front of all those other people and afraid that it would not get healed.”

“She hid her arm in her coat and fled the moment the meeting ended. She laid awake all that night and thrashed around for the next two nights,

knowing that she had missed God and missed her healing. On Tuesday in the middle of the night, she was still crying out to God over her lack of faith.”

She continued, “Then she heard a voice coming from within her. It said, “Daughter, why are you crying?” She called out, “Because I failed you and lost my healing.” The inner voice said, “Daughter, you don’t need to cry. Just lift your hand to me right now and it will be healed.”

My friend said, “She did lift her hand and God did heal it. She came to the Bible study to tell everyone about her miracle.” I knew you needed to hear “the rest of that story!”

I was elated. It was as if God was saying to me “Never doubt me and never look past what I have called you to do. I can handle my part. You just take care of your part!”

Several weeks later, I was in the Seattle airport, waiting to fly to Los Angeles where I was invited to speak at a church. I was in the main concourse and had just cashed a check in the bank there. I was walking out into the great crowd of people when that inner voice [the only way I can describe it] said, “See that couple over there?” I looked through the mass and actually focused immediately on two people standing together across the concourse. I knew they were the ones. I kind of said, “Yes, I see them.”

“Go over to them. I have a message for them.”

“What is the message?”



“It’s my message, not yours.”

I stood there as though I had been turned to stone. When I looked back up across the crowd, they were gone. I cried out [silently] “Oh, Lord, I am so sorry. If I see them again, I will give them your message.”

I turned and all but ran down a hallway and made a left toward the escalator that would take me down to the train and the North Satellite.

I almost knocked them over. In an all-out panic, I ran back the way I came and taking the most complex path, finally made it to the train and the North Satellite. Boarding was still 15 minutes away.

I went to one those phone stations with a bunch of phones in a circular cluster and called my answering service to see if there were any messages. Ironical, now that I look back on it. The God of all creation is trying to get me to give someone a message and I had more faith in Ma Bell than the Holy Spirit.

I was dialing the number when I looked up and that same couple was walking down the aisle, about three feet from me. I think I heard a voice inside me shout, “NOW!” Somehow I propelled myself out of the seat and landed directly in front of them. Their eyes were wide open, almost in shock. I laid my hands on their shoulders and said, “I have a word from the Lord for you!”

And out spilled a message that said they were in God's will with their decision and He loved them both. I said some other things I need not share.

Somehow, I finished up with a resounding "Thus saith the Lord."

[Honestly. Where did that come from?]

Then, in a nanosecond's time, I went from standing there to leaping away into another small hallway. I heard the boarding call for my flight and zoomed to the gate and hurried down the jet-way. Soon I was in my seat in the far back of the plane. I closed my eyes and shook all over. I was saying, "I did it, Lord, I did it, Lord." at a speed that made my teeth chatter.

That was when I looked up at the person taking the seat next to me. Yes, you guessed it. It was the young woman I had just accosted in the Holy Spirit.

I closed my eyes and didn't open them again until we were in the air. When I did open them, she was staring at me. I silently prayed to God that were it even remotely possible; please translate me directly from this seat to Heaven.

Well, we talked for two hours. She and the young man with her were to be married that very weekend. Presents, showers, families and flowers had been piling up all week. Early in the week, they individually felt that the Lord was saying they should not get married.

After some nervous attempts, they laid out their hearts to each other, prayed and decided that they must cancel the wedding. Family, friends and the church went insane over their decision and they were fleeing the terrible pressure, at the airport together but flying in opposite directions. They were devastated and wondering if they had actually missed God and destroyed their lives. This was the last time they would be together.

That was when this crazy man leapt in front of them just as he was dropping her off at her gate. The words I spoke [more like babbled out] came directly from the same God who told them not to marry. He gave them full confirmation and comfort and proof of His love for them.

And He used this very weak vessel. It took Him three tries to get me to do what He asked. I cried silently for days as I thought through that whole process. I knew the sound of His voice inside my deepest being and determined to obey it without question. Now I am going to talk about some things that may not fit in with your own theology. But I need to tell my story from my viewpoint, beliefs and actual real experiences.

This next experience literally stunned me. Let me set the scene. In the late seventies, I was recently excommunicated, but pretty much an unknown person. Few in Utah knew my story. I was travelling regularly to Salt Lake and doing a lot of library research and also spent many hours in University Special collections libraries. I even had access to some information at the Church Headquarters.

If my time crossed over a weekend as it often did, I would go to one small church in the city where the worship service was just about heavenly. I always left feeling lifted up with the worship and meat of the gospel Pastor Jim preached. I was also attending his Saturday Morning men's prayer meeting every chance I could.

One Sunday morning, I was late getting to the church. The service had already started. As I hurried to the door, an elderly lady with a walker was in front of me, very slowly limping her way to the entry door. I fought the urge to step around her and get inside. But I held the door for her and waited while she made her way down the aisle.

I sat a few rows behind her and just immersed myself in the worship. I was tired and frustrated over some dead ends I had encountered and I really missed my wife and kids. I did not have my A game running. I was at a spiritual and physical low point. I want you to understand my condition that day because of what happened later in the service.

At the end of the service, Pastor Jim said that we were going to pray for some healing needs and then called out, "Brother Ed Decker, please come down to the platform and pray for the sick."

That was the very last thing I wanted to do, but I made my way down and asked the elders and prayer team to come to the front and then prayed a simple prayer that was very general and covered all the main bases.

I said a quick Amen and started down the side stairs and off the platform. As I did, a tall, stocky, middle-aged woman grabbed my arm tightly and told me that her grandmother said to get me; that the Lord told her I was going to pray for her and she would be healed. She had me by the arm and dragged me to an older person sitting in the front row. It was the elderly lady with the walker I had followed into the church.

I stood in front of her for a long second before she grabbed my hands and pulled me down so I was at her level. “What do you need healing for, sister?” I inquired softly.

“My leg,” she responded. “When you were holding the door for me, the Lord told me you were going to pray for my leg and I was going to be healed.”

At that, her granddaughter and some others standing there got a little Pentecostal.

“What is wrong with your leg?” I asked, as I looked at her shriveled and bent leg.

“I got the Polio was I was a child. Now, son, you just get praying.”

In my mind I was thinking about the many years that had past without any healing of this leg. Were the truth be known, I had no faith for this healing.

I sat down on the floor and laid my hand on the leg and prayed for about ten minutes and the leg was still the same. I tried to rise but she pushed me back to my spot on the floor.

“ Seems we may have to tarry at the cross,” she said with a firmness that said I wasn’t going anywhere. I looked around and the church was empty except for my little crowd and a few clusters of people chatting.

We kept at it for what seemed like a half hour but was probably more ten minutes. I was in a sweat, legs sprawled out under her seat and I was holding the leg on both hands almost shaking it healed.

I was at that state of desperation where I would have welcomed instant death. This lady was going to keep me here until either it was healed, I fell over dead or Jesus returned.

Now here is the part I want to tell you. It is a demonstration of God’s love for even the weakest of those He calls. I sat there and finally gave it up. I had been crying out to the Lord and finally said, “ Oh Lord, I haven’t enough faith for this healing. If you want the leg to be healed, you are going to have to do it without me.”

Suddenly and I mean really suddenly, the leg in my hand snapped and cracked and straightened out. It happened so quick, that while I had my eyes closed, it was done before I could get them opened.

I was holding a healed leg in my hand. The lady screamed, her family screamed, everyone left in the church screamed and she jumped up and began running through the aisles.

The granddaughter came up to me and squashed me in a giant hug, “Oh, brother Ed, what a great healing power you have. I squeaked out, “Not me, sister, but the Lord. Not me!”

I looked up and saw Pastor Jim leaning against the platform a few feet behind me. He was smiling. “The Lord told me to call on you to pray for the sick today, Ed. Never saw that one coming, though. Come on. Let me buy your lunch.”

I didn’t realize it then, but the Lord was still preparing me for things to come. If you look at this experience, you must see that I was under the authority of this lady’s pastor praying for her at his request. He was responsive to the Holy Spirit telling him I should lead the prayers and the lady received the promised word of her healing, as I was holding open the door for her.

I wasn’t late because of oversleeping. She wasn’t late because she was slow. We were scheduled by the Lord to meet at that door and begin something only God could orchestrate and make happen.

In my ministry, I have traveled to many countries around the world. One of my favorites has always been the tiny Pacific Island nation, Tonga.

Tonga is an archipelago in the South Pacific Ocean, directly south of Samoa and about two-thirds of the way from Hawaii to New Zealand. Its 177 islands, 36 of them inhabited, are divided into three main groups – Vava'u, Ha'apai, and Tongata. The largest island, Tongatapu, on which the capital city of Nuku'alofa is located, covers only 99 square miles.

Because of his concern for the inroads of Mormonism, King Tāufa'āhau Tupou IV, a strong Christian ruler, invited me to bring my ministry and films and opened the door for our ministry. Think about this. The King of a nation personally invited me to his country and gave me the authority to minister freely throughout it.

I arrived with my good friend, Tom. A local Christian leader, Pastor Isileli Taukolo, met us at the airport. The name His friends and family called him Issy.

Because there was a Mormon leader from the states on the same plane and because we had heard that there was much agitation on the part of the Tongan LDS Leaders over our visit, we asked Isileli to take us to the LDS Headquarters there on Tongatapu.

We turned into their headquarter compound and it was filled with local leaders and missionaries. They were probably there for a meeting about what to do with me. We stopped in front of the main building and headed for the door. Everyone knew us and sort of backed off and made a path for us as Issy led us through the building to the Tongan LDS president's office.



Needless to say, the three men inside were shocked to see us walk in. The Mainland leader [From Hawaii, actually] sputtered, “I can’t believe you would dare to come here.”

Issy spoke in Tongan to the local president and told him to heed my words. I told them there were two kinds of a spiritual leader, the righteous one, who leads his people in the paths of truth and righteousness and the other was the unrighteous leader who leads his people in the paths of lies, error and spiritual death.

I told the Tongan leader to repent, that he was an unrighteous man, leading his people to a spiritual death and said that he must repent of this grave sin. I quoted several Old Testament scriptures, long lost in my worn out memory banks. I know these were two of them:

*Because they have despised the law of the LORD, and have not kept His commandments. Their lies lead them astray, Lies which their fathers followed. Amos 2:4*

*<sup>16</sup> For the leaders of this people cause them to err,  
And those who are led by them are destroyed. Isaiah 9:16*

Again, I told them that they were unrighteous leaders and must repent. I could almost see smoke coming out the ears of the guy from Hawaii.

We handed them a set of tracts we had made up in the native language and VHS copies of the films we were going to show the nation.

Issy spoke in Tongan to the local leader and he responded with tears filling his eyes. After we were back in the van, I asked Issy what he and the man had said to each other.

He said that he told the man he must repent or end up leading his people into hell. The man hung his head for a long moment and sighed, “I can’t. They own me.”

We were staying at the King’s country home, but before we made it that far, Issy pulled up in front of the hospital in Nuku’alofa. He said there was a baby we needed to pray over.

We made our way through the corridors and into a room where a young mother was rocking her 6-month-old baby. While the baby could nurse, it had never opened its eyes and was limp and totally unresponsive. Issy told the mom that I was a great healing pastor and I was going to pray for the baby and it would come alive and wide awake.

I am more than glad that he spoke to her in their language and I knew nothing of his guarantee. I took the baby in my hands and lifted it up to the Lord and prayed for complete healing. No wild prayers or ‘tarrying’ at this altar.

The baby sprang to life so quickly and actively that I almost dropped her! The mother jumped up from her chair and grabbed her wailing, wide eyed-baby and almost hugged it to pieces. She screamed and laughed and danced around the room, joy filling up her whole world.

Other patients filled the room and the hallway and we ministered there 'effectively' for over an hour. Yes, we saw other healings that afternoon, but I will never forget that little baby girl. It wasn't her faith, or her mother's. Issy led the mom to the Lord after she finally quieted down.

We were there, under the King's authority, to operate in our gifts. Issy had a full understanding of this principle and had every intention of having us exercise it every day and night of our visit.

We had a day off because of the Sabbath laws in Tonga and the day for the first public showing of our films had arrived. It was the King's soccer field in the center of the city. We arrived in the van only to see that it was raining hard. Several Tongans came up to us and in a smiling, taunting way, told us that the Mormon missionaries said that they had prayed to their god and he had called down this rain to stop us.

The place was packed with people waiting to see what we were going to do about this 'curse' on our films and us. I felt a strange passion explode inside me. How dare these false teachers mock the one true God? I walked out into the field, drenched in rain until I was standing in its center.

I felt like I was the only person on the planet. It was just God and I out there. I raised my right hand and pointed to the heavens. I shouted over the rain, "I command this rain to stop in the name of Jesus Christ!"

That was all I did and all I said. My hand remained stretched to the heavens. As I looked into those storm clouds a small opening appeared. It was something like a lens opening of a camera. That is the only way I can describe it. It kept opening up until the walls of rain pushed back away from the field.

I finally lowered my arm and walked back through a crowd of silent people to the van. “Set up, guys,” I quietly said. I grabbed the generator and followed Tom and Issy back to the middle of the field.

The word spread across the island about the miracle of the rain and by the time we had shown the film, the field was overflowing with new people who wanted to see the films and hear my message of the difference between darkness and light.

I need to point out that by this time, we had word that the Mormon leaders had left the island and we would not see them for the rest of our stay. There are so many stories to tell, but I need to stay on target.

After the ministry on Tongatapu, we travelled to the island of Vava'u, where Issy was born. The King sent his personal Brass Band to ‘open’ for us and most of the people on this smaller island came to every meeting. At that time, the main town, sitting in a gorgeous lagoon inlet consisted only of several Quonset huts. I have heard that it has become a stopover for cruise ships, so I am sure life has changed there immensely.

One afternoon, we went to Issy's home village. It was a small village with its houses or native huts surrounding a field about the size of soccer field. Not surprising since Soccer and Rugby are the main Tongan field sports.

Each home was raised about 2 feet from the ground and reminded me of yurts, with that same kind of open living.

We were in one of the huts near the end of the field and people had lined up for prayer. Yes, we saw healings beyond anything I had ever seen in America, Their faith was so simple here and so pure. They seemed to receive us even as the early people received the living apostles. But one healing will forever be burned in my heart and mind.

After about 15 people had come in for prayer, one middle-aged man came in and Issy, Tom and I laid our hands on him. I asked Issy to ask the man what he needed. Issy replied that the man had been blind for over 40 years and wanted his sight. My knees buckled a bit at that.

Issy reminded me that the God who stopped the rain and brought a baby to life a can do eyes, too. He was so steadfast in his unshakeable faith.

My thoughts went back to the elderly, lame lady in Utah and I took off on a prayer of great faith and a lot of trust. I told God that opening blind eyes was above my pay scale and I needed His power to flow through our hands into this man.

I was standing on his left side. I could only see one eye. As I prayed and watched, I saw something like a black marble moving through milk. That is the way I saw it happen.

The black marble kept moving forward and pop, there it was right out there. He howled and jumped up and down. He turned and ran off the hut, not even using the steps. He ran out into the central compound, shouting out his miracle in Tongan and the entire village came out and ran behind him as he circled the field again and again.

We just went out and sat down, watching God come alive to a small village the middle of the Pacific.

Several days later, Tom and I were sitting in the King's waiting room at the Nuku a'lofa airport. It was like a regal living room with food and beverages and sofas, and easy chairs. One large chair was for the King and no one else would ever think to sit in it. We were there for quite some time and finally a stewardess came in and asked us if we could board now. She said that people were lining up all along the building we were in and were on the runway, blocking the plane. They were waiting for us to pray for them.

We went out and it was such a crowd of people. I ran along the line touching and praying as I went. They were standing, sitting and laying in mats... It took a while to make it to the plane, but we finally did. My heart was exploding with His love for these dear people and as we headed down the short runway, I could see them waving until we disappeared. Except that I can still see them now.

I am going to end my story here. I have shared some experiences that only a very few others have ever heard. In all these things it was never about me. It has always been about Him and the gifts of the spirit that are still alive and well in His people today.

If you don't believe what I have shared, don't. I don't have anything for you. When Jesus sent out the Apostles and the Seventy, He told them that they would be received [and believed] or not. He told them not to stay with those who do not receive them. [and His anointing] It is that simple.

The apostles, in turn laid hands on members of the church and they operated in that power, as well. As I said in the beginning of this article, there is not expiration date on the power and gifts of God. There is no "Best used by date, either."

Jesus promised another helper. The Holy Spirit. He said that the Holy Spirit would never leave us or forsake us. He didn't say that this would only last until the Apostles died off.

In fact, most of the Apostles never really obeyed His commandment to go out to the world. They stayed close to home in Jerusalem. It took Paul and His deep faith and deep anointing to bring the gospel to the world.

In that same 14<sup>th</sup> Chapter of John, The Lord spoke directly to you and to me.

*<sup>12</sup> “Most assuredly, I say to you, he who believes in Me, the works that I do he will do also; and greater works than these he will do, because I go to My Father. <sup>13</sup> And whatever you ask in My name, that I will do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. <sup>14</sup> If you ask anything in My name, I will do it.*

We no longer must stand before a veil, with a priest interceding for us. Christ removed that veil and we each have access to the holy of holies.

One of the key factors to my faith in the gift of healing has been my commitment to be under spiritual covering, to be under Godly authority.

When I laid hands on people in a hospital setting, it just wasn't me there. I prayed under the anointing I had for such things and the covering and authority I had through my church and the elders. I also had my ministry board, comprised of Godly men who watched over me.

Do you have to be a member of a church to do these things. No, but it sure gives you a power and authority when you are in a church that does believe in healing and the gifts of the spirit.

Did everyone I prayed for get healed? No, of course not. But so many did that I lost count. Did everyone Jesus prayed for get healed. No, of course not. His ministry was not received everywhere, even in his hometown. He warned the Apostles and the Seventy that they would meet a lot of resistance and they should walk away and shake the dust off their sandals in those times.



Remember the man on the mat at the poolside? He told Jesus that he could not get in the water when it was stirred because he had no one to help him and he could never get there before others did. Pretty obvious that he was in a group of people waiting for the stirring. Yet, Jesus healed him and there is no mention of him healing any of the others waiting there.

That is not the issue here. We do our small part. God does the rest. He is the healer; not us. If it doesn't happen immediately, like with the lady at the Aglow meeting. That is His business.

All the who-gets-healed and who-doesn't-get-healed issues are way above my pay scale. I know what I know and I know that God heals and he often uses me in that ministry. I just go and do what He did, when He calls me to go. That simple. And I always go with the Holy Spirit's guidance.

I remember one man who worked for the Post Office in a small town near where I loved. He was almost killed when a logging truck hit his small delivery truck head on. I received several calls urging me to rush to the hospital. He was in ICU when I arrived. I asked to go in but was told that only family and their pastor could go in.

I told the nurse to tell the man's wife that the pastor was here. She came out a minute later, and asked me, "Who are you? We don't have a pastor. We aren't religious."

I said, “well neither am I religious, but his so-workers asked me to come and pray for him.” She sobbed a bit and then rushed me in to his bedside and I held her hand while I prayed over him. Later, I joined the rest of the family in the waiting room and ministered and encouraged them.

I went there almost every day for over a month and saw no sign of change. The head nurse pulled me to the side and yelled at me for bringing false hope to this desperate family. “I hate you religious people who think you have the right to come in here and do your babbling nonsense. Go away and don’t come back!”

By then, they had moved him out of ICU and into another special care room. About a week after the nurse confronted me, I came in and he was sitting up in the bed, with his wife at his side. She was all smiles. He wasn’t up and dancing yet, but he was smiling and that was the beginning of his recovery.

I went looking for that head nurse and found her in another department. I told her that he was awake, aware and sitting up. I said, “You may know a lot of things in the flesh, but you know nothing about things of the spirit. Don’t you ever talk to a man of God like that again!”

Well, I just ran off center to share another story. There are hundreds, more I could share, but I need to talk about you now.

Where is your level of faith in prayer? Do you walk in little faith, religious faith where you say the prayers only because it is expected of you as a

churchgoer, not really expecting a real answer? Or are you that one of great faith, Like Pastor Don?

Are you one of those in whom it is true that Your effective, fervent prayer avails much and when the devil is attacking your health, marriage, your kids, your job or finances ... you stand firm.

I love reading about David's mighty men. One of my very favorites is a guy named Shammah. We all need to have the faith to rise up and be a Shammah when the enemy attacks. Listen to this..

*The Philistines had gathered together into a troop where there was a piece of ground full of lentils. So the people fled from the Philistines. <sup>12</sup> But Shammah stationed himself in the middle of the field, defended it, and killed the Philistines. So the LORD brought about a great victory. 2 Samuel, 23.*

You must be ready to plant that sword of faith and prayer in the center of what is yours and stand and fight. It is time for Great and unmovable faith.

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# **Smashing the Wall**

**by Jason Decker**

**A true intercessor does two things:**

**Go to God for the lost  
and go to the lost for God.**

During the past few months I have noticed the familiar frustration of desperate Christians who call or write us seeking a breakthrough for a loved one lost in the LDS Church or Masonic Lodge. Most have made several "failed" attempts at trying to communicate the basic fundamental errors in Mormonism or Freemasonry but end up in heated arguments or off on some tangent. No matter how well studied the Christian or friendly the conversation, it is all too common that we find ourselves "hitting our heads against a wall."

It is very important to have a solid foundation of doctrine (1 Tim 4:16) in order to use it while you witness. But, there is much more to seeing a loved one saved than witnessing. Most people do not relate to theology or doctrine and that is why we have so many cults today.

Those deceived by Mormon and Masonic doctrines, have been sold a counterfeit when they were looking for the real thing. Faith is too simple compared with the Law. "For the message of the cross is foolishness to those who are perishing, but to us who are being saved it is the power of God." 1 Cor 1:18 (NIV)

In our natural understanding "hitting the wall" doesn't make sense because the Gospel is really simple (keep it that way!). The Gospel is veiled to our loved ones and there comes a point where nothing you show them regarding basic doctrine will take things any further.

In Ephesians, the Bible shows us why and how this happens. "For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms." Eph 6:12 (NIV)

You must not let spiritual battle intimidate you! Jesus has given us His authority over spirits. "I have given you authority to trample on snakes and scorpions and to overcome all the power of the enemy; nothing will harm you. However, do not rejoice that the spirits submit to you, but rejoice that your names are written in heaven." Luke 10:19-20 (NIV)

Hitting the wall can happen even when we use Jesus' name. This isn't a time to be discouraged, but a time to PRAY!! "Because of your unbelief; for assuredly, I say unto you, if you have faith as a mustard seed, you will say to this mountain, 'Move from here to there,' and it will move; and nothing will be impossible for you. " However, this kind does not go out except by prayer and fasting." Matt. 17:20-21 (NKJ)

What is your goal in reaching out to a loved one or friend? Is it to convince them by scripture that they are wrong and you are right? No. Of course not! The goal is to be as transparent as you can and allow God to reveal Himself through you to that person. It is not you convincing them of God, but introducing them to God. Every person needs his or her own personal revelation of Jesus Christ, not just in Word, but also in person. "O faithless

generation, how long shall I be with you? How long shall I bear with you? Bring him to Me." Mark 9:19 (NKJ) They need to seek and ask of God themselves.

## **What to Pray: "Smashing the Wall"**

### **1. Open their Eyes:**

Acts 26:17b-18: "I am sending you to them to open their eyes and turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, so that they may receive forgiveness of sins and a place among those who are sanctified by faith in me."(NIV)

### **2. Awakening in Their Heart:**

2 Tim 2:25-26: "Those who oppose him he must gently instruct, in the hope that God will grant them repentance leading them to a knowledge of the truth, and that they will come to their senses and escape from the trap of the devil, who has taken them captive to do his will."(NIV)

### **3. God's Will be Accomplished in Their Life:**

Romans 12:2:"Do not conform any longer to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind. Then you will be able to test and approve what God's will is— his good, pleasing and perfect will." (NIV)

John 5:14-15: "This is the confidence we have in approaching God: that if we ask anything according to His will, he hears us. And if we know that He hears us— whatever we ask— we know that we have what we asked of Him."

#### **4. God will open a Door to reach Them:**

Col 4:3-6: "And pray for us, too, that God may open a door for our message, so that we may proclaim the mystery of Christ, for which I am in chains. Pray that I may proclaim it clearly, as I should. Be wise in the way you act toward outsiders; make the most of every opportunity. Let your conversation be always full of grace, seasoned with salt, so that you may know how to answer everyone."

#### **Prayer Tactics:**

##### **Prayer is not something we do, but a Lifestyle.**

1. Pray the way Jesus said to: Matt 6:9-15 "This, then, is how you should pray: "Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name, your kingdom come, your will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us today our daily bread. Forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one.' For if you forgive men when they sin against you, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if you do not forgive men their sins, your Father will not forgive your sins."

This is not a repetitious 15-second prayer. Think of it as an outline that has a specific order. First start with Praising God, Second Pray for God's will and that YOU come inside it. Pray for His will to be manifested. Ask God for both spiritual renewal and physical provision. Then ask Him for conviction, and cleansing as you repent.

Pray for His protection over yourself, family, belongings etc. Then look for anything between you and the lost person, i.e. bitterness, anger, pride, etc.... confess and cover with His cleansing Blood. Then pray for needs, salvations and other breakthroughs. Close with thanksgiving and praise.

2. Pray on the Armor of God (Eph. 6:10-12,18) before you engage in spiritual warfare.

3. Pray with someone: Mark 6:7, Deut 32:30, Jn. 8:17, Heb.11:37

4. Pray with Scriptures: 1Thes 2:13 "And we also thank God continually because, when you received the word of God, which you heard from us, you accepted it not as the word of men, but as it actually is, the word of God, which is at work in you who believe."

5. Pray Consistently and "Fervently" (James 5:16).

6. Set aside a daily special time and place (Matt. 6:6) that minimizes distraction.

7. Use a prayer list, prayer journal or plan to make good use of time, being detailed and thorough for everyone you pray for.

8. Use the A.C.T.S. format:

(Adoration, Confession, Thanksgiving, Supplication). From Pastor Bill Hybills

9. Contact [email] Saints Alive and your local Church and put your loved one on a Prayer Chain/List.



## **Spiritual Warfare:**

Whether or not your friend or loved one is a Christian believer, Satan has evidently blinded them. You need to pray in a specific way, doing spiritual warfare against the demonic blindness that has taken him.

2 Cor. 4:3-4 says that "if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."(KJV)

This illustrates the problem that those in both Mormonism and Masonry have—it is difficult to discuss reasonably the faith with them because of the spiritual darkness that blinds them. This is what makes them so difficult to witness to, and why prayer is the key.

We must wrestle spiritually with the Masonic principalities and powers (Eph.6:12). "Baal," "Hiram Abiff" and "Tubalcain" are key demonic principalities which blind the Freemason. Likewise, "Mormo," the Satanic god of the dead and "Moroni," the false messenger, and Mechizedek, (priestcraft) are key demonic principalities of Mormonism.

You must take authority over them as a believer in Christ and bind their influence away from that friend or loved one, at least for a season (Mt. 16:19, 18:18). As I said earlier, if you can find others in a prayer group or your church to agree in prayer with you, so much the better! (Mt.18:20)

You need to use your authority as a believer to literally cast out the demons which may be oppressing him/her/them at least for a short time—long

enough for you to share the truth!(Mk.16:17) You need to pray against these deceitful spirits in advance, perhaps for weeks.

As Paul writes in 2 Cor.10: 4-5: "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds; casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." (KJV) Pray like this, and "soften the soil" upon which you are going to scatter your seeds for a while before you approach the battle.

Finally, remember that the wall is there because of the enemy. God did not erect it. The Lord told us that the gates of hell would not prevail against His church. Why worry about some wall. We are His church and if the gates of hell will not hold us back then we should not be too concerned about this thing. We can do all things through Christ Jesus who strengthens us!

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